McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXI. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1884. NUMBER 50.

McKean County Miner

L. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via N. B. & B. R. R. leaves Smethport at 10.15 a. m. and arrives at 3.35.

Mail via N. Y. & P. R. (Glenwood Branch) arrives at 3 p. m. and closes at 2 p. m.

Thousand Islands Mail leaves at 12 m. and arrives at 3.30 p. m.

Keating Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m. and departs at 3 p. m. Closes daily.

Money Orders will not be issued or Letters Registered between 12 m. and 1.30 p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

T. A. STRAUCH, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 383, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., in Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. D. GALLUP, W. M.

G. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No 193, meets every Tuesday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bachus Block.

GRESHAM GORTON, M. W.

J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post 97, G. A. R., meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bachus Block.

A. L. Hughes, Adj't. E. F. Webster, Com.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at Bachus Hall.

Geo. W. King, N. G.

W. H. Wetherbee, Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST.—Wm. Bradley, pastor. Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 10 a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Ladies' Aid Society Meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Choir Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

BAPTIST.—E. H. Gates, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 7 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m. Covenant meetings on the first Sunday in the month. Communion on first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Richard Mott Addison, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Additional services at 9 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9.30 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—J. J. Gallagher, pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 3.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Business Directory.

Surveyor—J. G. Backus.
Coal Inspector—Frank Brown.
Constables—S. A. Armstrong, Wm. Kanner, A. D. Bachman, John Brennan, W. D. Gallup, Chris. Sherry.
Constable—H. L. Darling, Inc.
School Directors—Jos. S. Gleason, Dr. L. McCoy, J. W. Brennan, J. C. Backus, H. L. Keenan, E. H. Wilcox.
Auditors—G. M. Smith, P. Ford.
Auditors—S. P. Richmond, W. A. Severin.
Prosecuting Attorney—C. S. Hamlin, A. D. Bachman.
Judge of Election—S. J. Gifford.
Inspectors—S. A. Backus, G. M. Smith.
Assessor—Wesley Gifford.

Criminal Directory—

OFFICERS AND COURTS.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Porter Co.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport; P. M. Potter, Sr., Roulet.
Member of Congress—W. W. Brown, Bradford.
State Senator—L. Emery, Jr., Bradford.
Member of Assembly—C. Dalzell Sherrett, Smethport.
District Attorney—L. McSweeney, Smethport.
Sheriff—A. L. Wilcox, Bradford.
Prothonotary—John S. Beardsley, Bradford.
County Treasurer—H. C. Mead, Bradford.
County Commissioners—A. E. Fisher, Pulaski City; W. A. Johnson, Bradford; A. Hicks, Smethport.
County Clerk—Geo. W. Schaffner, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—D. W. Hutchison, H. S. Ulrich.
Auditors—A. W. Brewer, F. K. Washburn, A. A. Stevens.
Mercantile Appraiser—J. H. Stanley, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. A. Dempsey, Eldredsville.
County School Superintendent—M. S. Chappell.
Regular Terms of Court—Second Monday in February, May and September, and third Monday of December.

Legislature.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—Chauncey F. Black.
Auditor General—John A. Lemon.
State Treasurer—Silas M. Baily.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. Simpson Africa.

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are always liberally supplied with facilities for doing plain Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparisons of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep the stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES', CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BINGHAM ESTATE

ROBT. H. ROSE

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IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BLOCK

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

WILLIAMSPORT, Dec. 30, 1874.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Feb'y 25, 1875.

All persons are hereby cautioned against going upon the unsold lands of the estate which I represent and hereby warn all trespassers, and those cutting timber upon the lands aforesaid, by any persons, for any purpose, will make such persons or persons liable for prosecution for trespass.

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ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

(6mo48 27.)

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ALFRED STURDEVENT

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ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS.

(Office in Grand General Block.)

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BACKUS & GORTON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

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ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

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Office: Miner Block, Church Street.

Second Bradford, Pa.

J. K. WALLACE,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

BRADFORD, PA.

S. W. SMITH.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

(NOTARY PUBLIC.)

First Allegany, Pa.

D. McSweeney. M. H. Dyken

McSWEENEY & DYKEN,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

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STURGESS & ROSE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Room 10, Oil Exchange,

BRADFORD, PA.

C. A. Kenney. N. F. Hallock. D. H. Jack.

KENNEY, HALLOCK & JACK,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER.

Office in Dewey's Building,

Second Floor, McKean Co., Pa.

C. E. Mayo. A. Leo Weir.

MAYO & WEIR,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office in Congdon Hall,

Bradford, Pa.

MULLIN & McCLURE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

Corner Main and Pine Sts.

Bradford, Pa.

JAMES C. BOYCE,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

AND COUNSELLOR IN PATENT CAUSES.

Office: Room 3, Cor. Main & Webster Sts.

Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

E. E. MAYO,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

Office, McKean Co. Pa.

P. R. COTTER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

F. D. REEVES,

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(Office in Roberts & Bradley Block,)

BRADFORD, PA.

SNYDER & COLCORD.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

OFFICES.—Port Allegany, McKean county, and Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE: Room No. 7, Roch well Block.

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Surgeon to Pittsburg & Western Railroad Co. Telephone call from Davis store—ring ring.

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Business Cards.

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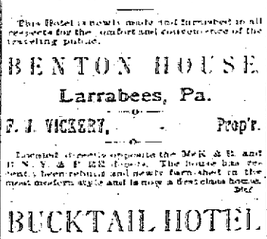

ELDRED, McKEAN CO. PA.

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First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked bar and livery stable connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

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Tables and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates reasonable.

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This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

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Remodelled and refurnished, and one of the best Hotels in McKean County.

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Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House.

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First Class in every respect.

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Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

We employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN.

All our work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT OUR SHOP and we will convince you that we can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879

NAVAL Accounts Wrecked by Storms, Collisions, Fires, Explosions, Etc., Adjusted. Models and graphic Pictures of every one of the great Sea fights of the World. By Holmes' Universal Adjusting Bureau, U. S. Machinery & Co., 108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other complaints, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have a beneficial effect, to which the medical faculty have long their professional sanction, and which as a tonic, alterative and diuretic has a special claim for attention. Its sale and growth has an unparalleled popularity. For sale by druggists and dealers, to whom apply for illustrated almanac for 1880.

JAMES T. DONOHUE.

PLUMBER

SMETHPORT, PA.

In the rear of Armstrong's Drug Store.

Lead and Iron Force and Suction Water, Gas and Steam Hydraulic Rams, Water Closets, Kitchen Sinks, Iron Sinks, Pumps, &c.

"A KISS FRIEND."

"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Mother wonders, but can not tell,
Just by the well curb Bessie stands;
The pitcher grasped in her chubby hands
Is empty still, while many a tracee
Of anger veves the children face.
"If I were a boy, I would n't tease.
Leave me alone, now, Bobby, please."

Upon the well curb Bobby sits,
A roguish smile o'er his brown face flits.
"I ain't your sweetheart boy, you see;
Give me the kiss and I'll let you be."
Visions welcome to Bessie the old well are,
But a kiss dear, Bessie, or not I."
And fixed by resistance of will and rope,
So how can Bessie for victory hope?

Slowly home and little Bessie goes,
Her soft cheeks blushing like any rose,
And Bob, the little scamp heart beats fast—
But the pitcher is full to the brim at last.
There's a mean person well near by, and to-day
I heard a girl current woman say:
"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Ah! I know, but I wouldn't tell.

For what of use by the well curb stand,
Bobby and Bessie, hand in hand?
What of a pitcher forgotten lies
At the feet of both? and if new blue eyes
Are only the shade of another pair,
And if there are signs less that there
To ask for a kiss? What harm, pray tell,
If Bessie should linger at the well?

—*M. D. Home, in Harper's Weekly.*

MY QUARTER SECTION.

We were friends. We had taught together in one of our ward schools for six years. Together we had defied the petty tyranny of the man whom an inscrutable providence had placed over us in the capacity of principal. Together we had prepared the "spreads" and "blowouts," generic names for the official show of examination papers, drawings, etc., that are exhibited to the world of admiring parents as the individual and collective result of the genius of their individual and collective progeny. In the long vacations we had gone on various excursions together, read the most approved educational and lit erary works, and, in short, wintered it and summered it together for six years. Of course we had planned always to live together and keep the most delightful of old maid's halls, and well, we were all that is meant by the term of intimate friends.

I think it was in March of 1882 that the idea struck me. I do not remember what paper it was that illumined our darkness, however, that is of no consequence. It was a wet March morning, and I was standing in the hall of the sixth ward school house, trying to dry my draggled skirts at the register, and feeling well, as though it would be eminently safe for the future candidates for the presidency to cultivate the foreign accomplishment of walking Spanish for that day, when Miss Arabella Thompson came in with a wet umbrella in one hand and a paper in the other. Thompy was always sunshine. It would have taken a cataclysm of forty days and forty nights to have made her willing to acknowledge that it was bad weather. She came in smiling with a bright "good morning," and, without waiting for me to air my eloquence on the subject she began:

"See here, my dear, I have the brightest plan you ever heard of our summer vacation," and she proceeded to unfold her paper and her plan. The paper contained a glowing account of the opening splendors of the mighty territory of Dakota, and the unparalelled chances for making a fortune and gaining a home by going out to the vast, unoccupied prairies and "taking up a claim," just picking it up, you know, so easy and comfortable. Thompy followed a statement of the laws regarding the acquiring of the various kinds of claims, homestead, pre emption and timber claims.

"You just go out there, enter your claim, put up a sod house, live in it six months, prove up, pay $1.25 an acre, and you have your claim to live on or to sell."

"Just like old Jack Means," I interrupted.

"Yes," said Thompy, laughing, "and make heaps and gobs of money, all out of congress land."

"But," I objected, "you forget that the school year is nine months, and our worthy forefathers in arranging the year, have with their usual want of foresight, planned for only 12 months. Where are you going to get the other three?"

But no objection that I could urge had any weight with Thompy, for though I am much older than she, she is much better looking than I, and consequently very headstrong. So she overruled every objection I could bring forward, and, arranging with the board of education for a six months' vacation, said we would go.

The upshot of the whole matter was that I meekly yielded, and our rooms and recesses for the next three months were spent in making calculations as to what it would cost us to carry out our plans, what supplies in the way of books, provisions, etc., we should take with us, and how we should dress. I was for dressing in bloomer costume and carrying a few revolvers, but Thompy would hear to neither. She said there was no use in our looking like frights, just because we were going to do something a little unusual, but then she always was vain of her good looks. As to revolvers, she declared that she could not sleep with one in the house. I yielded about the dressing, but I was firm about the revolver.

"You would be in a pretty condition, would not you," said I "if, when you got to your house of mud and dirt, like the foolish little pigs of our nursery days, some tramp or other wild animal should come along and take a notion to murder you? So, I mean to have some means of protection," and I did.

I wish in the cause of public instruction, which, as a teacher, of course I am interested in, that I had our calculations, to give to the world, but unfortunately they are lost, and the table of our real expenses does not help me to reproduce them. Ah, well! I fear that, could I present it to you, it would be robbed of its illusions, and, like the rose which the cunning alchimist recreated from its own ashes,

Without the bloom, without the lost perfume

However, I remember the expenses of our six months' vacation and our quarter section were to cost us just $354.23. We were very exact. I suggested to Thompy that we could spend the extra 2 cents in chocolate creams and have an even 25, but she was always close, and she said no, we would do no such a thing, that it looked better a good deal to have the 3 cents there than not; that in all official reports they always managed to have an uneven number to show how very exact they were in their calculations.

We always spoke of our possessions as our "quarter sections," as it sounded a great deal larger that way. We took a half bushel of walnuts to plant, walnut timber is so very valuable, you know. Thompy said we were like the man who planted acorns for his first crop. We took about a peck of garden seeds and a hoe without a handle, but time would fail me to tell of all the absurdities we perpetrated. We were ready at last. I presume the journey was very much like that of any other two lone teachers who should undertake the same. We met with the most perfect courtesy from railroad officials, hotel porters, hackmen and fellow travelers. Of course we took in all the points of interest about St. Paul and Minneapolis, and we used to enjoy immensely the imaginary sensation it would create among our fellow travelers if they knew of our daring project, but we never electrified them by disclosing it. They regarded us a couple of innocent and inoffensive teachers in search of recreation.

How we enjoyed the journey from St. Paul to our destination. It was here that we had our first glimpse of the lovely prairies, gorgeous with the red lilies of the north and a thousand other flowers that crested the waves of the prairie grass stretching away in endless succession as far as the eye could reach.

I remember distinctly the first spell I had of sinking in the heart. It was when I saw, in the midst of a vast plain, a lone, forlorn, little speck away off toward the horizon, that was some one's home, not another dwelling in sight in all that wide lonely prairie; the next was when we reached Lawndale and found that the city consisted of two tents and a woodshed. It was evening when we passed through Morehead and Fargo, and the luminous balls of electric light shining high over the latter city looked wierdly beautiful.

We reached our destination in the dim twilight of a summer morning, and stopped to get breakfast and rest a little before starting on our tour of investigation preparatory to taking up our claims. Somehow it did not seem so easy as it had at home, and not a quarter as romantic, but Thompy was as enthusiastic as ever, and declared that it was all brought about by her. She had brought a few trees along in my trunk to improve the lands we should locate, she said it was wilder without, and what we wanted was sunshine.

After interviewing the land agent, and a lot more work and bother, we finally started over the prairie on an ox-cart. The agent said he thought he knew a place we would like, where we could have our land joining and the other part of the section occupied by a man from New York, who had his family along and his brother-in-law. Did you ever ride after an ox-team? I hope so, for if you have you will appreciate many privileges that you would perhaps otherwise pass over as but slight advantages. We moved through the prairie (but that was all) and looked at the wide monotonous landscape. After the first hour I said to Thompy that I thought we had better go into camp on the wagon, as it seemed to be about as far as when we started, but Thompy said she liked it, that she was always afraid of fast horses, and she could get as much exercise and all the scenery she wanted from her perch on the ox-cart. Pretty soon she did get all the scenery she wanted, and then that exasperating girl pulled out a microscope, and proceeded to analyze flowers, just as aggravatingly cheerful and happy as though she were at a picnic.

Along in the afternoon we came to the place of the man from New York, and here we got some dinner and were shown the glories of a sod house. We had seen them at a distance before, but nothing like this. This was a veritable palace of a sod house, with real windows and papered walls, with partitions of unbleached muslin trimmed with Turkey red, that looked very pretty and homelike. Thompy went into raptures over it, and regretted deeply that we had not brought something along for our walls. I did not see as she needed to display our ignorance before that strange woman but that was just her all over—not a bit of proper pride.

After dinner we went with the ox team to inspect the other part of the section, which the woman said she hoped we would like, as she wished we might be neighbors; she found it rather lonely, being eight miles from town and no neighbors. I could not see as it made any difference where we took up our claim; it all looked alike to me, and I was beginning to think that it might prove a white elephant anyway.

We went to town to get the necessary papers and a man to help get the houses ready, for we were to have one apiece, and we wanted to investigate the little store. The woman from New York, whose name was Herder, said that her husband and brother would do all they could to help us, and in a short time our houses were ready for us to enter and take possession of our long dreamed-of claims. They did not look very inviting, I can tell you. We could find no paper to cover the unsightly walls, and our furniture was of the scantiest. We could not make both houses look inviting, so we used mine for a kitchen, though we conscientiously slept in it half the time. They were very near together and not far from our neighbors.

When we were fairly settled and had had our first meal, I told Thompy that I felt like the Swiss Family Robinson; she laughed and said she did not see how I could feel like the whole family without having a stable in the house, as they always did. Now I think it shows an envious disposition to always be making fun of a romantic idea just because you did not happen to think of it yourself, but I punished her by putting my revolver in sight in a hole which I dug for it in the wall. She dared not take it away, so she always passed by on the other side of the room. We got water from a well belonging to the Herders, who tried in every possibly way to soften the hardships of our lot, though Thompy always pretended that there were none—that spoiled bread, no fresh meat, no fruit, and all the horrors of canned goods were fun. We got fresh vegetables occasionally from our neighbors, as we had no garden, it being too late to make one. When I complained, it was not pleasant, to say the least, to be reminded of our pilgrim mothers and other pioneers. Because they had to eat nasty messes, is no reason that I can see for my liking them.

Our neighbors were nice educated people, and I have nothing to say against them, but I did think it was not exactly necessary for the brother, Geo. Bradley, a tall, good looking Yankee, to be always coming over to our place on one excuse or another. If it was not to do something, it was to see if we did not want something, and Thompy would always stop and talk with him. Sometimes he would come over of an evening to hear me play, for I had my violin along, and he had the good taste to like music, though he used to sit and stare at Thompy while I played.

We spent a good many evenings in front of our sod house, I with my violin and Thompy doing nothing but looking picturesque, while George Bradley lay on the dry grass at our feet and stared at her. I did not mind it, for she was well worth looking at, with her soft brown eyes and obstinate mouth. And she was too old for any such nonsense as flirting, else where would be our old maid's hall. The Herders would come over occasionally for a short time, but the baby usually kept them at home. They had a good many cattle, which they hired a boy to herd, and what with their farm work and getting ready for the long, cold winter, they were very busy all day and very tired when night came.

The long monotonous days dragged by. I told Thompy that the evening and the morning were the first day, and all others were just like it. She opened her eyes and looked shocked. She seemed to enjoy everything, and flitted about helping Mrs. Herder in a neighborly way, playing with the baby, analyzing flowers, and just sitting still and watching the shadows drift over the

For myself, I grew almost to hate the long, still days, and in spite of the never-ceasing winds, days so alike that you could not tell one week from another or Monday from Saturday, to long for November and our return to the civilized world. September came, and I thought of the changing woods and autumn sound of winds among the branches, and it seemed as though it would be almost like heaven to see a tree. I said so to Thompy, and she responded by singing:

Over all the weary, weary, weary plain
Echoes of revolt complain!

I shall never forget one day about the middle of the month. Mr. Herder had been at the sheds near the house stacking corn for the winter use of the cattle. We could hear him singing about the place all the drowsy afternoon, and now and again his wife would call to him in her high, sweet voice. George Bradley was in town, and just about six the boy came driving the cattle before him. Mrs. Herder was at our door with the baby in her arms inviting us to tea. We all stood there in the late sunshine watching the cattle as they came slowly over the prairie, stopping to nibble the grass here and there until urged on by the boy, who rode a spiteful little pony. As they came up, Mr. Herder paused in his work, and, seeing us, waved his hand, let down the bars to the inclosure and stepped back, holding in his hand the hay knife with which he had been working.

The cattle passed in one after another, and only the big Durham bull Mr. Herder's special pride stopped to sample the straw. Mr. Herder struck at him with the flat side of the knife, and the next moment a horrible thing was happening. The enraged animal turned upon him, and, catching him on his cruel horns, tossed him in the air. I saw the boy dashing across the prairie for the help that it would have been madness for him to have attempted to give. I heard Mrs. Herder's cry:

"My God, the brute will kill him!" as she sank on her knees with a look of agony on her face, the like of which I pray I may never see again. Thompy stood as if turned to stone, till, at a cry from the defenceless man, out there alone, she turned and snatching the revolver from the wall where it had been avoided so long, she dashed by us to his help.

"Arabella Thompson," I cried, clutching at her as she passed me, "have you lost your sense?"

She was gone! I sank down on my knees, and burying my face in my hands, lost all consciousness save of a horrible sickening pain in the place where my heart used to beat. I believe I knew something of the tortures of the lost in that space. I do not know whether it was long or short, it seemed forever. The first thing of which I became conscious was the noise of voices in question and answer. I raised myself from the ground and saw George Bradley and several others about the prostrate body of Mr. Herder. He still lived, though badly hurt, and they soon had him on the bed, and were waiting for the doctor to come from the town.

They found Thompy unconscious not far from where the bull died; the revolver was some distance beyond, where she had thrown it after shooting. George Bradley brought her in his arms, and we could none of us make enough of her

"How did you ever do it, you, who are so much afraid of firearms?" I asked.

"There was nothing else to do," she answered simply.

"How did you aim?" asked one.

"I did not aim; I just shut my eyes and prayed and then shot and threw it as far as I could."

"I believe she was more afraid of the revolver than she was of that horrible beast.

After that the two families got sort of mixed up. Mr. Herder, nursed by us all, struggled slowly back to life. Mrs. Herder could not do enough for Thompy, and as for that George Bradley, he acted as though she belonged to him.

I began to realize about this time that prospect of our model old maid's hall was growing beautifully less. It did not improve my temper when the cold weather began to threaten and we with a whole month yet to stay. When November did come, it found us fairly snowed in, with no possible hope of escape. Of course there was no use fretting, but that was no excuse for the exaggerated cheerfulness with which Thompy met this misfortune.

The long winter days, hopeless and relentless, dragged by. There were two people, though who did not find the days too dark, or the winter long, but it is rather slow fun for a third party to watch the progress of love making through a long Dakota winter.

When the cold spring finally released me, I turned my back on my ruined estate and blasted hopes, and leaving the happy lovers behind me (their claims joined) I found my way back to the sixth ward school house, a sadder, a poorer, and, I hope, a wiser woman.

My quarter section and my winter in Dakota cost me just $800.23 (and I can not afford to spend the 23 cents in chocolate creams) to say nothing of my ruined castles in Spain and the loss of my friend. Now, if anyone wants this valuable property, he can have it on "long time and easy terms."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MOTHER'S DREAD.

The Wonderful Histrionic Development of a Famous Child Actress.

Chicago World.

The New York public was surprised a few years ago at the arrest, at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of little Corinne, the child actress. The little girl, less than eight years old, was taken from her parents and kept in confinement until released by order of the Court and Mayor of the city. Mrs. Jennie Kimball, the mother of Corinne, who has been known to the public for many years as vocalist and comedienne, has devoted the greatest care to the training and education of Corinne, and the result is a phenomenal.

"When did you discover Corinne's remarkable talent?" was asked of Mrs. Kimball.

"I can hardly remember the time when her eyes would not sparkle at the sound of music; she began to sing before she could talk. Before she was four years old she created a sensation and received the prize of a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds, at the national baby show in Boston. Next she sang in a concert given by Brown's Brigade Band, and in 1879 made her debut as Little Buttercup in the Juvenile Pinafore Company. Since then she has sung in opera and played various roles nearly everywhere."

Mrs. Kimball is a lady of fine presence, and when playing at the Boston Museum, was herself known as "Little Jennie Kimball."

"What has become of the *little* lady?" asked the reporter.

"She has given place to the person you see before you. Like so many others I have grown somewhat fleshy. Indeed I assumed such proportions that I began to fear for my health. Why, at times I would have the most suffocating sensation in my heart; then again my head would be attacked and I have frequently fallen to the floor in a dead fainting fit. I consulted several eminent physicians and they told me I must abandon the stage if I expected or hoped to live. This seemed terrible, for I am devoted to my profession and also to the development of Corinne."

"And yet you appear perfectly strong?"

"And so I am. Why, I have reduced my weight over twenty pounds within three months and I never felt better in my life. If any who are troubled as I was question this, let them try Warner's safe cure, the remedy I used, and they will, I am sure, be speedily convinced of its truth. I believe it is the finest medicine in the world, and any number of my friends to whom I have recommended it have found it as beneficial as it has been to me."

"Is Corinne's health good?"

"Perfect. The child has so much life and vivacity she is overflowing with it, on and off the stage."

The only previous instance of such remarkable precocity which history chronicles is that of the famous Peg Woffington, who first appeared in "The Beggar's Opera," when but a little older than Corinne.

Where She Wished To Be Buried.

[Albany (Ga.) News.]

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that, after her decease, she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dreams, nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, cooning over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away to take her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found peace passing all understanding—a depth of quiet slumber on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.

The Mule at Farallon Light.

[San Francisco Paper.]

Probably the most cheerless light station on the California coast is the Farallon light. Four men and an army mule are the accredited government forces at that place. The following story is told about the mules: "He has been at Farallon several years. All his work consists in hoisting up twice a year the provisions brought over by the light-house inspector in a steamer. He has learned the sound of the whistle, and when he hears it hides to shirk work. At the last visit of the inspector the mule hid, and had to be hunted for two hours in the rocks before he could be found."

AMONG COLORADO'S MOUNTAINS.

Too Much Rain—Natural Scenery—Consumptive Invalids.

[Manitou Letter in Chicago Times.]

The natives here are singing a universal Te Deum over the celestial irrigation which is gradually changing this land of stone into green pastures. But the visitors indulge in perpetual growling at the oft-repeated shower, and suspiciously ask for the oldest inhabitant who boasts of "continual sunshine" in Colorado. The watering carts go aimlessly about in the wake of and oftentimes during a heavy rain, and give out such copious draughts that the dust becomes thick, red mud, which enricheth the porter, but maketh the guest poor indeed. Finding their use somewhat modified, the carts have taken unto themselves an ornamental air, and are brilliant with flaming advertisements of saloons, livery stables and kindred suggestions for the entertainment of man and beast. Some man, with an eye to the incongruities, has pointed a moral by placing his announcement of "good, cheap whisky," just where the clear, pure water gushes over it.

What the plumber is to the Chicago householder the livery-stable man is to Manitou—ubiquitous, iniquitous, and necessitous. The attractions in the vicinity are numerous, the distances great, and the air light. So the ordinary wayfarer is thoroughly dependent upon the stable-keeper. First, one must go up Pike's peak, which requires a day's time, robust health, and amiability under all circumstances. I have never made the trip, having the requisite amount of time as my only necessary quality. The distance is twelve miles, but a good view can be obtained some four and a half miles up. And surely this ought to satisfy one's ambition and serve as a sufficient foundation for the whole business when telling the tale to the uninitiated. A party of ladies from St. Louis, in full possession of their faculties, made the trip in the pouring rain the other day. They did not care for views, but simply wished to say they had "done" it. The average Chicago woman might have gone to the end of the hotel piazza, made a "mind's eye" journey, and then given an exhaustive account of its dangers and beauties to her dear 500.

The "Garden of the Gods," the next sight in the vicinity, is much more available, and being unique I should fancy would be considered more interesting. It is very funny to watch the frantic efforts on the part of visitors to discover the various "gods." The driver will, with perfect assurance born of long experience, point out the "Lion's Head," for instance. Then will follow a general craning of necks, looking with one eye, then with two nearly closed, until at last, with each one, the congratulatory "I see it," takes the place of the deprecatory "Where is it?"

One can pass a most charming day in Cheyenne canyon. The distance is ten miles, over an excellent road, which ends about a hundred feet from the Seven Falls, the principal and culminating point of interest in the canyon. One can get a very good view of the falls from the bottom, but a much better one from the top. Within the past two years steps—240 in number—have been placed up the side of the mountain. These land you in a small, green valley between the high bluffs. After crossing it a hard, steep climb brings you to the highest point in the canyon directly in front of a distance of seventy odd miles, to the plains—here and there a little oasis of oats or alfalfa, which stand out in marked contrast to the general gray tone incident to the flat lands. On all sides are the hills, gorgeous with color and fascinating with shadows, while hundreds of feet below the water makes seven mad leaps to reach the valley, through which it flows for miles. At some point in the landscape there should be a well filled lunch-basket, when the picture will be complete.

The literary and artistic element does not seem to thrive here. Grace Greenwood's cottage stands a prey to well-aimed base-balls and resultant broken window-panes. Possibly the ordinary litterateur dares not enter in where she has ceased to tread. Mrs. Jackson (H. H.) is in Colorado Springs, said to be working hard on her novel founded on the Indian question. Among its features Manitou has always counted a score or more of consumptives—some just entering the long lane which knows no turning; others already passing through the gate at the other end. This year, however, there have been very few of this class of invalids. The daily inquiry for hemorrhages has changed into an equal interest in one's general debility, which includes all the fleshy ills, and which some one of the various springs is, in the invalid's belief, sure to affect pleasantly.

The Country's Weekly Exhibit.

[Chicago Current.]

What we seem to need is a complete weekly exhibit which might be prepared by a government officer at Washington, and aim to consider, first, the growing crops; second, the stock in process of distribution, both of products and manufactures; third, the railroads, their grants, their water, and their status in Wall street; fourth, the money situation of the country and the twenty-five or more clearing-houses; fifth, the exports and imports, with the direction of the current of gold; and last, the general drift of the people's condition, for better or worse. As soon as the weather of a coming week shall be within the reach of a scientific guess, that matter should become a seventh standing topic of weekly official debate and concern.

A New Railway Car.

[Chicago Herald.]

A new railway car is thus described: Instead of berths, the car is provided with state-rooms, each room having a window and being supplied with an electric bell. At each end of the car is a toilet-room, a sideboard, well supplied, and a library. Some of the western roads will ad

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

[illegible] $1 50, and [illegible]

[illegible] ADVERTISING RATES

[illegible]

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 5, 1884.

THE Post Mail says *Report* says that the Washington monument will be more than a hundred feet [illegible] Yes, and *Report* says [illegible] Now ought to know that the monument is now going to be and that the contractor is attending the [illegible] that have been arranged which will [illegible] before the inauguration of Cleveland

WITH a popular republican majority of [illegible] in the state with seven republican governors and the [illegible] control of the Legislature [illegible] after the first of January next there would be but little [illegible] to [illegible] but [illegible] ever there was such evidence of some [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] the country

THE Hon. Henry R. Pierce [illegible] Mr. Blaine says that the republican [illegible] Mr. Blaine's name upon any [illegible] Blaine by the vote of New York [illegible] Mr. Blaine's [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. Blaine [illegible] Mr. Blaine [illegible] Mr. Blaine

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 5, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible] your paper shows the time to [illegible] subscription has expired, [illegible] will please call at the office and renew [illegible] publication will be stopped.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

[illegible] snowing some last night.

The weather is delightful.

[illegible] on last night eighth.

The holidays are fast approaching.

The season for killing deer expires Dec 15

Odd stands are now called "Such I see."

The electoral college met on Tuesday last

A few inches of snow would make good sleighing.

Send us the local news from every township in the county

Our merchants are receiving their holiday stocks of goods.

Lumbermen are only waiting for a fall of snow to get in their logs

Unfrozen pavements are just now enjoying the delights of a baby show

The pavements have been enjoying the fine weather since the first week in [illegible]

The majority of Bradford is what is now generally the politicians of that place

We hope our Kane correspondent will continue to favor us with his interesting letters.

It is drawing near the time when most of a family's income needs to figure on holiday purchases.

In many towns and cities of this state the south side is refused the representation in the city government.

The members of the choir company are practicing their songs over. What kind of tunefulness shall we get?

Now is the time for merchants to plant holiday advertisements and see that they want to sow their goods for an abundant crop.

The morning questions will probably be, Did you shoot anything yesterday? and the afternoon question, Did you get anything to-day?

In many towns and cities of this state the south side is refused the representation in the city government.

Jay Abbey, formerly a Smethport boy has just been appointed postmaster of the town of Four Mile N Y Jay will make a safe citizen in the more of the office of P M.

Governor Cleveland will move their law office from their present location in the Tilden Cleveland to the rooms formerly occupied by Dr H L Mott on the Main Cross Building

Next Monday's examination a two weeks' term of criminal court. There is a large list of cases to be tried and this term of the court will probably be the busiest session of the year. Grand Jurors should be on hand early for trial

The Elk *Democrat* has changed hands, Mr I S Miller who has edited the paper very ably for over eleven years has sold out to Mr H E Brown Mr Brown has a large field in which to display his ability and we wish him success

One neighbor of the *Reporter* discovered when he received the last Miner that the daily hens and setters always used by the editor to scratch throughout the county were *ill* printed in the paper. If they had been printed in this office there would have been no mistake about it.

The members of the dancing club have decided to hold their first dance on Wednesday evening, Dec 17th at the Opera House. The invitations will be out in a few days and as they will have to be present at the door in order to gain admittance, all who get one wanting to dance in, if he wishes to attend the Randolph full band will furnish the music

The McKean County Medical Society of which the Freeman of this place is present in, met at H C Wells's drug store last Thursday, for their regular monthly meeting. After adopting a ballot of names for the appointment of the various trustees and executors, and transacting other unimportant business the meeting adjourned to the next Tuesday in January at the same place

Judge Johnson tells us that the notebook of Lee received from the state department in identifying him of the meeting of the Cabinet at Cumberland was written with a lead pencil and on ordinary paper. The judge is certain that the executive mansion office of McKean county could make a better showing than that. Well if not, the conversations of officials over here must be

[illegible] that the gas well for many years has been the owner and proprietor of the grist mill in the town had gone and cut a few days since, to Chris. Hering and Frank Clarke for $ Keating township. The sale included all of the mill property on the lower gulf, and the house and barn on the upper side of Mill street. Consideration $4500 We understand that the mill will be sold by store building and stock of goods to other parties, though the sale is not yet completed. He is still in the mill with the number under sale in Elkland township

—H. A Lyman of the Smethport Water office is in town canvassing for the sale of the automatic steam cooker for family use. In fact as we'll be found in Rapid Mode in every family, and being modest as to price comes within the reach of all. M. Lyman will call on our citizens during the coming week and explain the cooker and explain its workings.—Emporium Press.

We did not know before that we had a talent for selling a cooker and don't think we have now the *Press* to the contrary notwithstanding. But if as a good thing, and if the citizens of Emporium so desire anything, they should buy one.

Some of the songs which are quite a success in this place just at present, were on the war path last Saturday night and succeeded in doing considerable damage around the town by breaking store windows and tearing down signs, gas pipe and every available thing that they could find. M. L. Armstrong and John Cooney and several others were the sufferers. These parties are known and it is very likely that if they do not call and settle liberally they will have a chance to try the climate of the county bastile. In this connection we would say that among other needed things of this place is some sort of police protection. It is now a gang of roughs or the place is apt to be run over any night and no one by the name for himself but late. If no one at least a night watchman.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would thank [illegible] favor all those who [illegible] items of a personal nature which may [illegible] by postal or by handing a notice at this office.

Miss Green, of Greenshoro, visited her brother D. B. Green, a few days last week.

Hon Mary Moore, of Emporium, has been visiting Mrs. A. E. Taylor for several days

Fred Barden and his friend Mr Wheeler of Elkland, made us a pleasant call last Wednesday

Mrs Lydia Rose, of Coudersport, Pa., is visiting her parents Mr and Mrs. W. J Colegrove, for a few days.

Mrs. L. T Medbury left for an extended visit in the west last Thursday She will remain away about two months

S M Van Wormer and O P Coon, two of Keating's enterprising business men, made our office a pleasant call on Tuesday last.

W. H Hamblen and wife of East Smethport, have the sorrow for a few weeks past among friends and relatives at Ludlow Pa

Miss Mene Hamblin of Wednesday for a visit to the city of New York She will remain there about two months.

Sam L Fahey of the *Democrat* force and H C Wells the druggist have been confined to their rooms several days this week with a severe cold.

Frank Baker left for Omaha Neb last Monday, for a years pilgrimage in that section May good luck attend you Frank is the wish of your numerous friends

Ernest Kessler our district attorney elect was on motion of W J McMahon duly sworn in and took the oath of office last Tuesday Mr Kessler will assume charge of the office the first Monday in January

We expect to learn that Jake Beckwith who went to Nebraska a few months ago on account of his health is not any better for we learn that the same cold climate did not prove as beneficial as was hoped by his friends

Mrs J R Townsend of Kennerd, came over here on Tuesday a corpse and by her cousin Miss Ella Shaw of Wilcox county N J who is remaining with having been wearing for this week for several months past.

BUSY BRADFORD.

Any Amount of News Pertaining to The City Metropolis and Some of Its Good as Well as Bad Citizens—The New Water Works—Political and Personal—Nothing Escapes the Eyes or Ears of Our Wide-Awake Reporters.

"Jimmy" Kennedy, druggist, swears he will kill the correspondent of the *Democrat*, who made such a terrible pun of his name last week. Killing is too good for such

The *Star*, in speaking of the mayoralty last week, recommended ex Mayor Jordan as a candidate for re-election on that office and raised the cry of "Jordan and Reform" Artemus Ward's "darkness" was innocent flattery compared to the bitter irony of that remark

The attention of the wise and immerality committees of councils ought to be called to matters of [illegible] directed to that [illegible] the Opera Theatre It is bad enough for the city to be infested with private bell holes for they are at least partially secluded from the public eye but for public streets to be nightly called by the blare of a brass band to a place is nuisance in many respects to not only utterly demoralizing but insulting The worst of it is that those charged with the duty of protecting the city from violations of the law are fully cognizant of all that goes on there and they wilfully neglect their duty in regard to putting a stop to it

Local politicians are busy Mayor making now a days though the election is yet more than two months ahead That office is both claimed by and conceded to the republicans this time but the other fellows are not without hope that light may strike them again It is time that the city should have at least one prosecuted republican mayor a boon which it has always so far denied herself And she will have one For the place there have been named such representative men as Capt J T Jones Major A C Hawkins Attorneys Geo A Jones F T Glenn the with Squire A T Jones at Large Any of any one of Newell at Large Any of any one of these would make a really respectable mayor on who would dignify the office instead of the office dignifying him The democrats don't have anybody whom they are disposed to oppose to any of these and will doubtless allow the election to go by default as far as opposition is concerned The other offices are [illegible] with no doubtedly be filled with republicans as they should be and some at least of the present opportunities of the mayor and councils will be allowed to retire to the shades of obscurity again

The *Star* last Sunday contained a very expensive [illegible] of the democratic growth [illegible] past [illegible] I represented democratic [illegible] Keating, Jordan Hunt – Campbell Geary and Blue Mountain in the forms of [illegible] each with [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PE-RU-NA

DR. THOMAS'

Eclectric Oil!

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!

A Medicine with curative properties so remarkable as to be entitled to rank with the PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, and which is now having an enormous sale throughout the United States and Canada.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Health is Wealth!

THOMPSON & WOOD, Druggists,

CATARRH

CREAM BALM

HAY-FEVER

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT

FOR MAN AND BEAST

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds. Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches in Man or Beast. It is a sure cure for Galls, Scratches, Screwworms, Poll-Evil, Fistula, Sore Neck, Sore Shoulders, Sore Mouth, Sore Udder, Foot Rot, Scratches of the Legs, Grease Heel, Ringbone, Thrush, Quarter Crack, Stiffness of the Joints, Lameness from Spavin, Sweeny, Founder, Wire Cuts, Harness Galls, Collar Galls, Saddle Galls, Scratches, Mange, Foul Ulcers, Fresh Cuts, Sore Throat, Distemper, Shoe Boil, Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Urinary Organs, Milk Fever, Caked Udder, Lost Cud, Hollow Horn, Hoven, Hip Disease, Shoulder Slip, Weak Back, Stringhalt, Paralysis, Locked Jaw, Blind Staggers, Pleuro-Pneumonia, Hydrophobia, Epizootic, Glanders, Farcy, Mad Itch, Horse Ails and Horse Sense.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

IN VACATION.

[Lizzie Berry Bassett in Good Cheer.]

Ho, sunny brown boy, with your feet in the river,
And a mouth full berries! What, ho!
Come, pull me some lilies which grad hearts
Against me.
And bring me some flags from the side of the river!

The last delights of vacation, I know!

The laughs of vacation, but wherefore be sloughing
To turn them and dags may be plain?
The summer boys over tempted you are ready
And you who love best to be sailing and sloughing
Might swim from the lake shore again.

The gleam, purple blossoms, and tall, nodding spikes
That grow by the river's green brink
Is the tiny red flower, flags, pinks and asters
Of the
Lunch to swim in the sunshine the meadow land
Will pay for the pin they think.

Come to my tavern boy with your feet in the river,
And mouth full of berries, I know
The wise of the wild and so watch the leaves
And see how the sky bridge gets small shiver
And hear the birds sing as they go!

I'm what if we will have no cattle to persuade,
The paint of what of cherry and glucose
Is better than I can be sure and be sing
And as they will laugh at the time we
spin or swim.
The beautiful fabulous of dreams.

MUSIC OF THE MOORS.

The Orchestration of the Band of a Tanglefoot Ball.

[Pamphrey Cincinnati Enquirer.]

For a preliminary consideration of the orchestration of the ball we must go back to the beginning of the century, when the Scotch gave him the band now began to play. I am not familiar enough with the early history of this branch of the subject to say whether the instruments which were provided for that festival think they must have included the old Testamental, for I do not remember to have seen any thing like them in the hands of the angels depicted in the pictures with which the French churches are filled. There was a fiddle, I suppose, with the bow of the period of the Directory, and there was a flute for the lassies, and the two others were kept in the background, but the one to the right never fully recovered from the effects of the cross. It never regained its bright red color, although the other impaired. And one who saw those two days during his experience would never after doubt the impolicy of black stockings.

The Mistress Queen's Thimble.

[Boston Magazine.]

A thimble owned by a queen consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud that is, the ray of flower of the country and the symbol about the centre and is, in a greater or less degree, in many pieces of the East. This thimble is of gold thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king who having seen the English and American ladies at the court using thimbles, took a fancy to the useful implements among his own people.

Forms Stillings. If it is known as much as 15 years of age as they thought they knew at 20 the race would be more wise men in the country

Money from Medicines.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Some of the best medicines are made together by no means advertising. I know of one firm that spends all of $5,000,000 a year in advertising, and after all, while it pays, it is a great deal of money and a great deal of time and a woman little whom she had known a good many years ago when she was very poor and was surprised to see her glistening in diamonds and rustling in silks. She thought that she noticed an expression of curiosity in my friend's face, and she at once unburdened herself and told her just how she had come by her money. She said that her husband, when she married him, was a poor country doctor that there were a good many other doctors in the same town and that his practice was not sufficient to pay for food and clothing. So she had to help one day. Why not get up some patent medicine, and see what you can do with it?

It thought the idea a good one at first, although against the rule of medical ethics, and he set to work and invented some article that struck the popular fancy. "Now," said the woman, "we are making so much money that we don't know what to do with it. We have no children, and we just spend our time in trying to think how we can get rid of the money that keeps coming in every day. We travel all over Europe, and we buy the finest diamonds and precious stones and have in the most expensive manner, but we cannot get ahead of our income." "That is a rather peculiar situation, is it not?" my friend asked. "Yes," she said, "I suppose it is, and, strange as it may seem, it is not a particularly happy one. I don't like it but what we do? Suppose another year that we are as many as much as ever is that unknown." This very goes to prove what has thankfully made public credulity so.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWEPT INTO THE STREAM.

One Thousand Acres of Land and "Right Smart of Bears"

On the deck of a bar Mississippi steamboat stood an aged and stern looking man, leaning by a group of children. The water on the boat was quiet, the night was still and a pleasant air from the south-west was blowing. Suddenly the man turned to the group and said: "Children, I was born and raised on a farm. I have seen them getting out of a stream that grew exactly over this way. I was a little boy. I was a delightful boy, and on such an afternoon as this I was right smart of a boy. And that boy's mother made me go and wash my face and hands and comb my hair. I was a very much interested in the fishes in the stream and the steamboats that went up and down, but I was compelled to